

"DEAD BOLT"

A short screenplay

by

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FIRST DRAFT  
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FADE IN:

EXT. SHOP - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Two DARK FIGURES appear to be hunched in a deeply-shadowed doorway. There is a CRACK and the door springs open. The figures disappear inside.

INT. SHOP - STOCK ROOM - NIGHT

The interior of the shop is pitch-black. One of the figures flicks on a torch and sweeps the beam around. The other figure is holding a crowbar. We see boxes of goods, some famous brands, some unfamiliar.

FIGURE #1

Come on, Tony, let's just grab some shit and get the fuck out of here.

TONY

We've got to make sure we get the right stuff. No point grabbing loads of shit we can't sell, is there?

FIGURE #1

So, what are we looking for, then?

Tony shines the torch light into his friend's face.

TONY

Have you got shit for brains or what, Andy? (pause) Fags! We grab the fags!

ANDY

Okay, but can we do it quick, like? I don't like being this far inside the zone.

TONY

Scared a zombie's gonna bite yer? Fuckin' puff.

Andy's eyes dart about the room.

ANDY

Too bloody right I'm scared and you should be too. I saw my neighbour eat his own wife and then chase his dog down the street.

Tony laughs, the sound echoing around the dim room. Andy shushes him.

TONY

Look, there's nobody around. This part of town was evacuated weeks ago. Then the army came in and sorted out the zombies. There's no bugger left.

ANDY

Then why aren't they letting people back? I also remember the news saying that looters would be shot on sight.

Tony sighs and shines the light in Andy's face again.

TONY

Fuck me, man! Let's just grab the cigarettes and then we can sod off, yeah?

Andy nods nervously. They make their way past boxes of goods and the torchlight falls upon a closed door. Tony grabs the handle and it opens easily. They step through.

INT. SHOP - MAIN STORE - NIGHT

We find ourselves in a medium-sized newsagent shop. There is a counter with a till and three rows of shelves are between the counter and the glass frontage.

Tony smiles and heads straight for the tobacco cabinet behind the counter. The shelves are empty of cigarette packets.

TONY

Check the till. There might be some money in there.

Andy forces open the till with the crowbar. The drawers are empty.

ANDY

No such luck, mate. Till's empty.

Tony sighs and holds out his hand. Andy passes him the crowbar. Tony forces open the cabinet beneath the shelves and shines his torch inside.

TONY

Oh, for fuck's sake! There's fuck all  
in this fuckin' thing!

ANDY

Maybe they moved everything into the  
back? Or upstairs?

Tony stands up and gives the crowbar back to Andy. He looks  
around the shop at the empty shelves and his anger is  
plain.

TONY

I'm a fuckin' tool, that's what I am.  
Should have known the greedy fuckers  
would take their shit with 'em.

A shadow crosses the screen and both men duck down behind  
the counter. Peering out, Andy sees a shuffling figure  
outside the shop.

ANDY

(whispering)

I thought you said the army had killed  
'em all?

TONY

That's what the news said. Why?

ANDY

(still whispering)

'Cos there's a fuckin' zombie standin'  
outside lookin' right at me.

Tony peeks over the counter and we see the hideous form of  
an infected person standing outside, gazing into the shop.  
It is a young woman with a torn, white T-shirt and ripped  
jeans, all blood-stained and grimy.

A pair of bloodshot eyes inspects the two men from beneath  
long, blonde hair, which is matted with blood and dirt. The  
entire lower half of her face is covered with blood, as  
though she has been feasting on raw meat.

TONY

Jesus. That fuckin' Huw Edwards is full  
of shit. (pause) What's she lookin' in  
'ere for?

ANDY

Maybe she used to get her paper here.

Tony's eyes fall on her body.

TONY

Nice tits.

ANDY

I think we should get out. Sneak out the back, yeah?

TONY

Yeah, I think that's probably a good idea. Come on.

They duck back down behind the counter and we hear the infected girl SLAP a hand on the glass. A low moan issues from her throat.

ANDY

Do you think she knows what we're doing?

TONY

How the fuck should I know? She's a fuckin' zombie. Maybe she can smell us shittin' ourselves in here? Whatever, I think we should leg it.

ANDY

You think there's more of them around?

TONY

Probably. I think we should get back to the car anyway and get the fuck out of here.

They shuffle towards the door to the store room and we hear the girl's moaning growing louder, her smacking on the glass more rapid.

EXT. SHOP - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Tony and Andy exit the building and make their way through the back yard of the shop to a wooden gate that opens into an alley.

Tony gingerly pushes the gate open and peers out. We see a dark Ford Focus parked close by. The alley is a cul-de-sac, with the car parked facing out.

A moan has Tony looking down the alley away from the car and we see four infected people standing across the alley.

TONY

Shit.

ANDY

What's up?

TONY

Fuckin' zombies are blockin' our way out.

Andy takes a look and ducks back inside.

ANDY

They're not moving. We can just get to the car and then run them over, yeah?

Tony smacks the back of Andy's head. Andy winces and rubs the area with his hand.

TONY

I'm not havin' my car knackered up by them fuckers, you knobhead.

ANDY

So what do we do? Ask them to move out of the way?

TONY

No, you're goin' to go out there and smash their heads in with the crowbar.

ANDY

Like fuck I am!

TONY

Right. Then we stay here and get fuckin' eaten!

Andy holds out the crowbar.

ANDY

You go out and kill 'em.

TONY

I'll be startin' the car, dickhead.

ANDY

Gimme the keys. I'll start the car.

We hear the sound of glass SHATTERING somewhere.

TONY

Fuck off! My car. I drive.

Andy's grip on the crowbar tightens. He stares at his friend.

ANDY

Look, Tony, I'm not going out there. Now, we either run out to the car together or I'll stove your fuckin' head in and take your keys myself.

Tony laughs.

TONY

When did you grow a fuckin' pair, eh? 'Stove my head in', will yer?

Tony pulls a pistol from the back of his jeans and aims it at Andy's head.

TONY (CONT'D)

Yeah. Didn't see that comin', did yer?

The back door of the shop slowly opens and we see a pair of eyes reflecting points of light in the shadows.

ANDY

Where'd you get the gun, Tony?

TONY

Who gives a fuck where I got it? Now get out there and start 'stoving' those zombie heads in.

ANDY

Why don't you shoot 'em?

TONY

'Cos there's only two fuckin' bullets in it, that's why! Now get out there, you fuckin' cunt!

Andy looks out and we see that the four zombies are still standing in the alley, moaning lightly. He pulls the gate open fully and takes a deep breath.

ANDY

Fuck me.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

He runs out into the alley, holding the crowbar high. The infection victims see him and shriek. Before they can react physically, Andy swings the crowbar and hits one of them on the side of the head.

The infected man staggers sideways but does not fall. His skull is fractured and blood pours from the wound, yet he remains standing.

ANDY

Shit.

Andy swings the crowbar again and the curved end penetrates the man's cranium, splattering blood, bone and brains all over. He falls, dragging Andy with him.

TONY

Go on, lad!

EXT. SHOP - BACK YARD - NIGHT

The infected girl slowly emerges from the back door of the shop, her eyes fixed on Tony, who is watching Andy in the alley.

TONY

That's it, Andy, have the fuckers!

The girl screeches and charges towards Tony. Tony turns, gun in hand, but she is upon him, pushing him out into the alley. There is a CRACK as the gun goes off.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

As Andy struggles to pull the crowbar out of the infected man's head, one of the three remaining zombies lunges towards him. The errant bullet from Tony's gun strikes the teenager's temple, spraying blood and grey matter.

Andy looks round as the creature slumps to the ground. He pulls the crowbar out, wrenching bone, skin, hair and tissue with it. He looks across and sees Tony having his throat torn out by the infected girl's teeth.

ANDY

Tony!

Tony looks to his friend. His eyes glaze over and the pistol slips from his fingers, CLATTERING to the tarmac surface of the alley.

Andy rushes to Tony and the girl's head snaps up, the blood around her mouth glistening. She shrieks and springs to her feet, her body coiled and ready to pounce.

ANDY

Fuckin' 'ell.

He looks to the gun and then to the girl, who is growling menacingly. Behind him, the two remaining zombies are eating their fallen comrades.

Andy slowly bends down and reaches out for the pistol. The girl's eyes follow him and his own eyes are drawn to her generous cleavage.

ANDY

Christ, Andy, this isn't the time.

She growls at him as he scoops up the gun. He aims it at her head. She snarls. Andy squeezes the trigger.

Nothing happens.

ANDY

Tony, you lyin' twat!

The girl leaps and Andy swings the crowbar instinctively. He catches her with the curved part on her torso, tearing the fabric of the T-shirt and opening an ugly wound across her belly.

She falls back from him, mewling and holding her stomach.

ANDY

Fuck me. You can feel pain.

She glares up at him, her eyes filled with rage and agony. Andy drops to his knees beside Tony's body, releasing the crowbar and useless pistol, and he fumbles in his friend's pockets, eventually pulling out the car keys.

He presses the button on the fob and the car unlocks with a chirp and orange flash of the indicators. Andy sprints to the driver's side, pulls open the door and dives in.

As he gets in, the girl rams the door, crushing Andy's leg. He roars in agony. The girl pulls the door open and falls onto Andy. He screams and flails at her with his fists.

ANDY

Get the fuck off me, you bitch!

He jabs the car key into her eye and she reels back, clutching her face. Andy pulls his broken leg into the car and slams the door shut.

We PULL BACK as Andy starts the engine and the headlights burst into life, illuminating the alley with harsh light.

The girl throws herself at the window, but bounces off and she lands in a heap on the ground. The car lurches forward, tyres squealing, and ploughs over the two feasting zombies and their fallen kin. Bones crunch sickeningly as the Focus bounces over them.

We watch as the car turns out of the alley and heads along a dark, deserted street away from the city of the dead.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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